

Hel. My dutie then shall pay me for my paines :
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modest one to beare me backe againe.

King. I cannot giue thee lesse to be cal'd gratefull:
Thou thoughtst to helpe me, and such thanks I giue,
As one neere death to those that with him liue:
But what at full I know, thou knowst no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.

Hel. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you set vp your rest 'gainst remedie:
He that of greatest workes is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy Writ, in babes hath iudgement showne,
When Iudges haue bin babes; great fouds haue flowne
From simple sources: and great Seas haue dried
When Miracles haue by the greatst beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and most oft there
Where most it promises: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despaire most shifts.

King. I must not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide,
Thy paines not vs'd, must by thy selfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired Merit so by breath is bard,
It is not so with him that all things knowes:
As 'tis with vs, that square our guesse by shewes:
But most it is presumption in vs, when
The help of heauen we count the act of men.
Deare sir, to my endeavors giue consent,
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impossiue, that proclaime
My selfe against the leuill of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know most sure,
My Art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hopt thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sunne shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd her sleepey Lampe:
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glasse
Hath told the theeuish minutes, how they passe:
What is infirme, from your sound parts shall sic,
Health shall liue free, and sicknesse freely dye.

King. Vpon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venter?

Hel. Taxe of impudence,
A strumpets boldnesse, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwise, ne worse of worst extended
With wildest torture, let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerfull sound; within an organ weake:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sence, sence saues another way:

Thy life is deere, for all that life can reape
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happines and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate,
Sweet praetiser, thy Physicke I will try,
That ministers thine owne death if I die.

Hel. If I breake time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, vnpietied let me die,

And well deseru'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promise me.

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it euen?

King. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

Hel. Then shalt thou giue me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one thy vassall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to bestow.

King. Heere is my hand, the premises obseru'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be seru'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy resolu'd Patient, on thee still relye:
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know, could not be more to trust:
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but rest
Vnquestion'd welcome, and vndoubted blest,
Giue me some helpe heere hea, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Floris.

Exit.

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Lady. Come on sir, I shall now put you to the height
of your breeding.

Clowne. I will shew my selfe highly fed, and lowly
taught, I know my businesse is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you spe-
ciall, when you put off that with such contempt, but to
the Court?

Clowne. Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any man-
ners, hee may easilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot
make a legge, put off's cap, kisse his hand, and say no-
thing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and in-
deed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the
Court, but for me, I haue an answer will serue all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull answer that fits all
questions.

Clowne. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttocks,
the pin buttocke, the quatch buttocke, the brawn but-
tocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your answer serue fit to all questions?

Clowne. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attur-
ney, as your French Crowne for your rassetty punke, as
Tib's ruff for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shroue-
tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole,
the Cuckold to his horne, as a scolding queane to a
wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friars mouth,
nay as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Haue you, I say, an answer of such fitnessse for
all questions?

Clowne. From below your Duke, to beneath your Con-
stable, it will fit any question.

Lady. It must be an answer of most monstrous size,
that must fit all demands.

Clowne. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned
should speake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs
to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it shall doe you no
harme to learne.

Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will bee a
foole in question, hoping to bee the wiser by your an-
swer.

Lady.

La. I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?
Clowne. O Lord sir, there's a simple putting off: more,
more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poore freind of yours, that loues you.

Clowne. O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.

La. I thinke sir, you can eate none of this homely
meate.

Clowne. O Lord sir, nay put me too't, I warrant you.

La. You were lately whipt sir as I thinke.

Clowne. O Lord sir, spare not me.

La. Doe you crie O Lord sir at your whipping, and
spare not me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very sequent
to your whipping: you would answere very well to a
whipping if you were but bound too't.

Clowne. Inere had worse lucke in my life in my O Lord
sir: I see things may serue long, but not serue euer.

La. I play the noble hufwife with the time, to enter-
taine it so merrily with a foole.

Clowne. O Lord sir, why there't serues well agen.

La. And end sir to your businesse: giue *Hellen* this,
And vrge her to a present answer backe,

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my sonne,
This is not much.

Clowne. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much imployment for you, you vnder-
stand me.

Clowne. Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legges.

La. Hast you agen.

Exit.

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Old Laf. They say miracles are past, and we haue our
Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar
things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we
make trifles of terrours, enconcing our selues into see-
ming knowledge, when we should submit our selues to
an vknowne feare.

Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that
hath shot out in our latter times.

Ref. And so 'tis.

Old Laf. To be relinquisht of the Artists.

Par. So I say both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

Old Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.

Par. Right so I say.

Old Laf. That gaue him out incurable.

Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.

Old Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of a

Old Laf. Vncertaine life, and sure death.

Par. Yust, you say well: so would I haue said.

Old Laf. I may truly say, it is a noueltie to the world.

Par. It is indeede if you will haue it in shewing, you
shall reade it in what do ye call there.

Old Laf. A shewing of a heauenly effect in an earth-
ly Actor.

Par. That's sic, I would haue said, the verie same.

Old Laf. Why your Dolphin is not lustier: fore mee
I speake in respect

Par. Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the
breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facineri-
ous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the

Old Laf. Very hand of heauen.

Par. I, so I say.

Old Laf. In a most weake

Par. And debile minister great power, great tran-
cendence, which should indeede giue vs a further vse to

be made, then alone

Old Laf. General

Enter King, H

Par. I would haue

the King.

Old Laf. Lustique

maide the Better whi

he's able to leade her

Par. Mor du vina

Old Laf. Fore God

King. Goe call bef

Sit my preferuer by th

And with this health

Thou hast repeal'd, a

The confirmation of

Which but attends th

Ent

Faire Maide send fort

Of Noble Batchellor

Ore whom both Soue

I haue to vse; thy fran

Thou hast power to c

Hel. To each of y

Fall when loue please

Old Laf. I'de giu

My mouth no more v

And writ as little bea

King. Peruse the

Not one of those, bu

Hel. Gentlemen,

the king to health.

All. We vnderstan

Hel. I am a simple

That I protest, I simp

Please it your Maie

The blushes in my ch

We blush that thou

Let the white death

Wee'l nere come the

King. Make choi

Who shuns thy loue.

Hel. Now *Dian*

And to imperiall lou

Do my sighes stream

1. *Lo.* And grant it

Hel. Thanks sir,

Old Laf. I had rat

Amef-ace for my life

Hel. The honor

Before I speake too

Loue make your fort

Her that so vvishes,

2. *Lo.* No better

Hel. My wish re

Which great loue gr

Old Laf. Do all th

of mine, I'de haue th

to'th Turke to make

Hel. Be not afrai

Ile neuer do you wro

Blessing vpon your v

Finde fairer fortune,

Old Laf. These bo